The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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WHAT TO THINK ABOUT

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phil. 4:8.

SAINT PAUL seems as if he could not break off his glad, humble, grateful letter to the beloved Philippians, whose generosity to him had touched his heart. Several times he seems to be on the point of ending it, but cannot resist the desire to give one more solemn and hopeful message. He has already told them to rejoice in the Lord; to let their gentleness be known unto all men; to lay aside all nervous anxiety about their future, secure in faith and prayer; and so, he says, the peace of God, better than any device of man, shall stand sentry over their hearts. Then follows this verse.

"Whatsoever things are *true*." The word has a fuller and deeper meaning in the Bible than now it has. "Truth" with us means the opposite of falsity in speech; but in Scripture it means the opposite of all unreality, all sham, all semblance. Saint Paul bids them to think habitually of all that is real; on the substance, not on the shadow; on the eternal, not on the transitory; on God, not on the world. He means the same as David meant when he prayed, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity" (that is, from dwelling on what is hollow and empty), "but quicken Thou me in Thy law." He means the same as our Lord meant when He said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth consume and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Well, then, if you would not be utterly disappointed, utterly and inevitably, and most miserably, "Whatsoever things are *real*"—God, eternity, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—"think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *honorable*." The Greek word means "noble." It is an exhortation to dignity of thought as opposite to meanness of thought. It invites to self-respect. Most of the many base things which men say are said anonymously, or on false pretexts, with the pretence of aims more reputable than those by which they are really influenced. Men and women often deceive even themselves. They act and speak and write ignobly, and persuade themselves that they are actuated by sincere and lofty motives. A high sense of our dignity as redeemed, ennobled beings would render impossible nine-tenths of the small, mean, envious baseness of which the world is full. Almost every vice and sin is, of its very nature, not only sinful, but also unseemly and degrading. It is the tendency of all sin to drag us down, to make us often the more contemptible, the more proud we are.

When a man fills all his thoughts, and therefore all his life, with wicked aims and forbidden desires, he ignores the essential dignity of his nature. Let us strive to cherish more and more in our hearts, ere it be too late, that honest self-respect which shrinks from every baseness as from a stain.

"No one will ever know"; so argues the subtle tempter. But the answer is, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Though none

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ever know it, I shall know it; God will know it; it will lie forever like a spark of fire upon my conscience; the sense of it will humiliate me; the guilt of it will drag down my life.

And "whatsoever things are *just*." Justice is one of the most elementary human duties; aye, and one of the rarest. Men's thoughts are commonly swayed by their interests, tainted by their prejudices; they judge by their appearances; they are warped by unreasonable antipathies; they use false balances and unjust weights in judging one another.

Try to be what so very few are, habitually fair. "Whatsoever things are just, think on these things."

And "whatsoever things are *pure*." Ah! that this warning might reach the heart of every one of you, and inspire you with the resolute effort to banish from your minds everything that defileth!

And "whatsoever things are *lovely*"—winning, attractive thoughts that live and are radiant in the light. If you think of such things, the baser and viler things will have no charm for you. Try, then, above all, "the expulsive power of good affections." Empty by filling; empty of what is mean and impure by filling with what is noble and lovely.

Your souls are a picture gallery. Cover the walls of them with things serene, noble, beautiful, and the foul and fleshly will only seem revolting. Let their walls be hung with all things sweet and perfect: the thought of God, the image of Christ, the lives of God's saints, the aspirations of good and great men, the memories of golden deeds, noble passages of poetic thought, scenes of mountain, and sunset, and ocean.

And "whatsoever things are of *good report*." Here is the difference between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom. The world delights in whatsoever things are of ill report—base stories, evil surmises, scandalous hints. The world revels in envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. It finds nothing piquant for its base and jaded appetite in the beauty of fair deeds and noble purposes; but tricks, and ingenious lies, and backbiting, and stabbing reputations in the dark. Do not you be content to degrade yourselves into "sponges saturated from the stagnant goose-pond of gossip." You, if you would be noble, if you would be a Christian at all, have nothing to do with these things! "Hear as little as you possibly can to the prejudice of others; believe nothing of the kind unless you are forced to believe it; never circulate—nor approve of those who do circulate—loose reports; moderate as far as you can the censure of others; always believe that if the other side were heard a very different account would be given of the matter." That is thoroughly good advice. Above all, remember thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Whatsoever things are of good report, think of these things.

Above all, think, take account of these things! For these things, Saint Paul tells you, are the secret of the peace of God. Thought passes into action. The thought becomes the word, the word the deed, the deed the habit, the habit the character, the character the eternal being of our souls. The evening air, clad in the beauty of a thousand stars, is not lovelier than the character of him whose whole being is passed in the region of eternal realities; who knows the reverence which is due from every man to his own soul; who loves the thing that is lawful and right, in singleness of heart; who keeps the temple of his soul pure and bright with the Presence of the Holy One; who loves all that is beautiful whether in nature or in art; who hates whatever is ignoble, and who loves his neighbor as himself.

—*Frederic W. Farrar.*

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

By Dinah Mulock Craik

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three-score:
Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower.
Each drops he, treads it in, and passes by:
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.
O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard:
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to the opprest,
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."
Yet hang some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind Year, to give our spirits freer scope
And our hands strength to work while it is day.
But if that way must slope
Tombward, oh, bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the Hope that never dies.
Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind;
Love special, close—in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly, contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.
Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months, nor years.

PRAYER

Oh Thou in all thy might so far in all thy love so near! Thou whose overbrooding and close-approaching presence holds us, as in the hollow of thy hand; holds us in the orbit of our finite existence as the great invisible forces of the air hold the stars in their courses! Thou whose indwelling spirit proclaims the kinship between the seen and the unseen, between the divine and the human! It is because of this kinship that we seek the truth that shall make us free and the love that shall make us strong and brave.

While we earnestly desire to know more of thy truth and to penetrate more deeply into the mysteries that overshadow and surround our mortal lives we would ever remember to use all the powers and capacities with which we have been endowed in all our seeking for more truth, more love and a deeper faith.

We thank thee of God for all those who have diligently sought to know more of thy life and ways and purposes and whose labors and sacrifices have enlarged our vision, broadened our understanding, deepened our faith, enriched and ennobled our daily lives. We thank thee above all for those who have been so inspired by a vision of thy Kingdom among mankind, here and hereafter, that they have been moved to live more nearly as they pray, more nearly as they in the rare and exalted moments of their lives supremely desire to live, more nearly as thou, the God and Father of us all, wouldst have them live: Honest, rugged, sincere, kindly, winsome lives; lives filled with the sweet reasonableness, strength, beauty, serenity and majesty of the Christ life and spirit.

May the consciousness of thy presence round about us, within, above and beyond us be to us, as it has ever been to our forefathers, a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, enabling us to walk in the darkness as in the light. Grant that our one and supreme desire and purpose may be to live from day to day so as to help to hasten the coming of a happier and better day for all mankind. Amen.

—*Rev. Frederic W. Smith.*

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

Letters should be addressed to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

Persons writing to the Department for the first time should ask for an enrollment blank and give as reference the name and address of their minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

CHEERFUL LETTER WORKERS

This Department wishes to extend its thanks to all *Cheerful Letter* workers who helped in any way to make the holiday season a little brighter for our shut-ins. Many letters of gratitude have reached the Department, but owing to lack of space it is impossible to publish them. It is a pleasant feeling to know that our continued efforts afforded much joy to many families who otherwise would have missed the spirit of Christmas. This Department wishes to state that it is not necessary to send gift packages, with the exception of a birthday, for another year, no matter how appealing the request.

A New Year dawns and with it renewed opportunities in the work of the Exchange. May we recommend the prompt renewal of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine* and make the suggestion that new subscriptions be procured. A letter recently received contained this sentence, "The *Cheerful Letter* work is unknown to entirely too many of our people." Why not each one of us emphasize the value of this work for the coming year?

CORRESPONDENTS

These *regular correspondents* may be adopted after postcard consultation with Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass. This should be done in order to avoid duplicate in arranging for *regular correspondents* and it might be well to make a second choice.

1. Miss Zelda Parkhill, R. 1, B. 122, Slaton, Tex., writes this:—"There are only 3 of us, mother, father and I. We live on the farm and I help mother in the house and help father in the field. At leisure times, or on a rainy day, I like to crochet, piece quilts or embroider. I am 39 years old and hope someone my age will want to correspond. Cheerio."

2. I wish to join your correspondence group so I may get a letter monthly. I am only 21 years old and have 1 girl, age 2 years. Reading interests me a whole lot. Mrs. Charlie L. Plowman, 310 Sykes Ave., Wadesboro, N. C.

3. Mrs. Jesse O. Norwood, Athens, Tenn., is 36 years old and has 6 children, 3 boys, ages 3, 9 and 17, and 3 girls, ages 6, 11 and 14. No letter accompanied her

Enrollment Blank, but she asks for a regular correspondent.

4. I wish to correspond with one of your workers and I hope I will hear from someone soon. I am 24 years old and live in a fairly modern community, although I do not attend church regularly. Miss Mae E. Boas, Spencer, Va.

5. I would be more than glad to exchange friendly letters and good reading with a *Cheerful Letter* worker. I am in poor health and unable to attend church. We have no near neighbors to visit very often, and my husband works far from home to make just a small living. You see, my life is a lonesome one and more so, since I lost my dear little baby. I feel sure your letters will remove some of my desolate feeling. Mrs. Erma L. Tester, Copeland, Ark.

6. Mrs. W. M. Hurley, Tuckerdale, N. C., has 6 children, all school age. She seems anxious for a correspondent who will help the children with their school work, together with helpful letters and good reading. Perhaps some teacher would consider adopting this family.

7. Mrs. R. Deane Carpenter, R. 1, B. 48, Sandidges, Va., hopes a regular correspondent will mean that her family will receive some good reading this winter. She is 33 years old with 4 children, ages 1½, 12, 13 and 16. Her preference, however, is the regular correspondent.

8. Mrs. Emery Elliott, Apple Grove, N. C., is 50 years old with one boy, age 11. Her home is in a farming section and she attends the Baptist Church. That is all the information she sends other than a wish for a regular correspondent.

9. I was delighted to get the Enrollment Blank and I want you to know I am 39 years old and weigh only 90 pounds, have 8 children, ages 2 to 16. You can see my task is a heavy one with all this family. I look forward to a real correspondent and whoever adopts me will help me a lot, I know. Mrs. Grace A. Burgess, R. 3, Polkton, N. C.

10. I am 43 years old, have 4 children, ages 8 to 21, and live in a little country village, 22 miles from a railroad town. My husband is not at all well and we would be so grateful to hear from someone regularly. Mrs. Linda Johnson, Jasper, Ark.

APPEALS

These appeals are not to be taken as *regular correspondents* and need not be answered a second time.

1. Mrs. Ruby Walker, R. 1, Spring City, Tenn., sends a request for reading material, pencils and paper. Her 2 small children would be ever so pleased with pictures and postcards.

2. I am thankful for cheer in the past and now I turn to you folks again because I need some quilt scraps to continue my work. I get awful lonesome where I live and any interesting reading would be fine, too. Mrs. Mary Hodges, Copeland, Ark.

3. Mrs. Alice Hoppes, Long Island, Kans., an old *Cheerful Letter* member, writes an interesting letter about her Community Library. "No new books for so long! If kind friends, east or west, could send us books of fiction, books on social and economic lines, a few copies of Robert's 'Rules of Order,' and a book on etiquette, interest in our Library would be renewed and stimulated. I cannot express to you the good such a contribution would do."

4. Will someone please send a lonesome and discouraged girl of 16 some reading and patchwork? Her family life is not easy and a little brightness of this kind in her home will make a little sunshine. Miss Ethel Hall, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

5. I am the mother of 8 children, ages 1 to 18. Our rented home is situated in the mountains far from church or town. We hope some of the ladies will send us any kind of material for sewing, especially quilt making. Mrs. Ora Hart, Whitetop, Va.

6. Mrs. Ina West, Grassy Creek, N. C., has 5 children. Her cares are many trying to raise them and her idea of a little pleasure would be a few *Cheerful Letter* friends sending any kind of reading.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS

After Christmas this Department receives a great many letters from shut-ins containing thanks for Christmas packages and requests that their letters be published. Unfortunately that is impossible. The object of *The Cheerful Letter* is not to print notes of thanks for each individual receiving a package. If the Magazine were used for this purpose, there would be room in it for nothing else. When a postcard is enclosed with the package it should be used to return thanks; none being enclosed it must go unacknowledged, unless the shut-in cares to write a note. Send your thanks to the individual, not to this Department.

WORLD'S STRANGEST PLANT

Too many hunters have brought the gorilla, okapi, white rhinoceros, and pigmy hippopotamus near to extinction, and depleted the ranks of many other African creatures.

In 1933, representatives of nine governments interested in preserving the remarkable animals and plants of the erstwhile Dark Continent met in London and decided to do something about it.

The pact they drew up went into effect, last week, providing protection to twenty-two animals—and one plant.

"The one plant included is the Welwitschia, a strange growth of the Kalahari Desert," says *Science Service*. "It has no overground stem at all, only a thick, woody, trunklike root. From this grow two long, straplike leaves, that constantly renew themselves at the base while they fray off at the tips. They thus become the oldest leaves in the world."

Botanists say the Welwitschia plant is unique. It is a perennial baby. It was discovered in 1860 by Dr. Frederick Welwitsch, an Austrain botanist.

Because of its rarity and strange appearance, souvenir-hunters dig it up, making journeys into the hottest, dryest region on earth to do so. The main part of the plant is its trunk, or root, which is shaped like a boy's top, and may be more than two feet long, twenty-five to forty pounds in weight, and three and a half feet in circumference.

The leaves are green, slightly reddish underneath. In the crown is a cluster of small red cones. These are the flowers. Nobody has been able to grow the Welwitschia outside of its native desert. Last summer Mrs. Jerome W. Coombs, of Scarsdale, New York, brought fifty seeds from Africa for the New York Botanical Garden. They wouldn't even sprout.

—*Clipped.*

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

OTHERS may wish you peace and ease,
With a gentler break for the year ahead;
Silken sails upon stormless seas
Or rose-rimmed paths where your feet may tread.
I wish you the fiber the valiant need
To drive your way through the bitter blasts;
I wish you the heart of the fighting breed
To carry through while the battle lasts.

Here and there we can rest and dream;
But most of it is a finish fight,
War to the hilt where the red flares stream
Over a field that is thick with blight.
Life, as it happens, is raw and crude,
With sin and sorrow, defeat and shame,
Where the only answer is fortitude
And the old, old courage to play the game.

I could wish you luck that was spun of gold,
With softer paths for your feet to know;
I could wish you peace through an endless fold,
With never a cloud on the azure glow.
But oh, for the heart that can meet the crash
When storms come down from the hills at dawn!
Oh, for the soul that can face the slash
When life walks in with its sabre drawn!

—*Selected.*

DICTATOR NOBODY KNOWS

There are two kinds of dictators: those who keep behind the political scenes, and those who keep in front of them.

Gen. Chiang Kai-Shek of China belongs to the first kind.

A thin, wiry, resilient man, he is a towering figure of power and mystery.

Chiang, Chairman of the Executive Yuan (Cabinet), is a soldier-statesman, and an uncompromising autocrat. But, to the world at large, he is the dictator nobody knows.

"Chiang Kai-Shek is the man of China's yesterday and China's to-day," declared John England in *Review of Reviews*. "Still under fifty, he may be the man of China's to-morrow.

"Slightly built, with a high forehead, and delicate hands; restless, moody, he has none of the physical aids to greatness. But he has a directness, of speech and action, which has made him the master of fellow countrymen bound by courteous convention."

Chiang was a disciple of the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Father of the Chinese Republic. With him he served in both the 1911 and 1913 revolutions, which freed China from the Manchus, but put a reactionary Republican Government in power.

He is said to have made $1,000,000 on the Shanghai Stock Exchange in the early twenties, giving it to Doctor Sun.

When Doctor Sun died, in 1925, Chiang was his chief military man. He took command, marching to Nanking, in 1927, where, after ousting a few northern war-lords, he set up the Revolutionary Government.

Typical of his self-effacing character, he resigned the Presidency of the Chinese Republic in 1931.

Chiang is a realist. He believes China is incapable of fighting off Japan. His policy is, "Resist by yielding." In this he had had, by no means, unanimity of approval in the Nationalist Party.

As Generalissimo of the Armies, Chiang wears a Chinese costume under ordinary circumstances. Occasionally, he dons a foreign-style uniform. His face is rather expressive, not Orientally impassive.

Chinese politicians know Chiang particularly for his tendency to be fiery in utterance, saying things considered indiscreet. His public speeches usually are long and oratorical. Privately, he is shy, aloof, and reticent.

In a low, flat bungalow outside the walls of Nanking, his Capital, he lives an extraordinarily simple life with his wife. She is the former Mayling Soong, Wellesley graduate and a Christian.

By marrying her, he became the power behind what is known as the "Soong Dynasty" of China, which controls huge finances.

She is nearly always at his side. If Chiang travels by auto, train, or plane, she goes along. When he receives guests she listens, then serves tea.

He likes her to cook for him—European dishes—and to mend his clothes. In his study, or garden, in the shadow of Purple Mountain, she pores over military maps with him, checks state papers.

Mme. Chiang's father made a fortune in rope-hammocks in America, became a Christian, and then returned to China, where he sold Bibles. A sister married Doctor Sun; another is the wife of Dr. H. H. Kung, Minister of Finance. A brother is the famous T. V. Soong, ex-Minister of Finance.

Chiang was born in 1888, in the village of Fenghua, coastal Province of Chekiang, 100 miles from Shanghai. His family was substantial middle class. At eighteen he went to the Paotingfu Military Academy, near Peiping, afterward to the Military College in Tokyo.

In Japan, he met Doctor Sun. And, from 1911 to 1923, his career followed the curve of the Cantonese leader. In 1924, Doctor Sun called in Soviet Russia to help him form a Central Government. He sent Chiang to Moscow to study Communism.

But, quarreling with the Russians, Chiang suddenly broke with them on his march on Nanking. Since then, suppression of Communism has been one of his

life-tasks.

He embraced Christianity in 1930. "I feel the need of a God like Jesus Christ," he said. His wife is generally credited with influencing him.

Because even Chinese seldom learn of his daily activities, he wields great power secretly.

"I found him to be the most talked of and least known of public men in China," wrote Lady Drummond-Hay in the Calgary (Alberta) *Herald* a few years ago.

"Envied, hated, and called, in the same breath, 'mere figurehead' and 'dictator,' with ambitions to be a Yellow Napoleon, attributed to him by Chinese and foreign enemies, the real Chiang Kai-Shek remains somewhat of an enigma. . . .

"His personality, his work, his ideals, are obscured in a fog of gossip and conjecture about him."

So he remains to-day.—*The Literary Digest.*

(*As we go to press, General Chiang Kai-Shek has been kidnapped by his rebellious "young marshall" Chang Hsiao-Liang, and China is on the verge of civil war which may involve Japan, Russia and Germany.*)

HAPPINESS REQUIRED

Teach the children to wear happy faces and you help to spread happiness in the world.

One smile will light a whole subway train. One good-natured apology accompanied by a smile in a holiday rush has been known to start a wave of good nature in a crowded store. Two cheerful morning faces make a successful breakfast. One consistently pleasant attitude is guaranteed to help irradiate the atmosphere of an office or a home. Nothing in the world succeeds like a smile. It is a great lubricator.

In one family the children were not allowed to come to breakfast without a cheerful attitude and a pleasant face. They were not required to wear a broad smile, or to manufacture a laugh, but their expressions must indicate their willingness to be happy. Sometimes expressions seem to erect a "no trespassing" sign to happiness.

When the mother carefully inspects ears and necks, when she inquires dutifully as to the cleanliness of handkerchiefs and the polish of shoes, let her also insist on an amiable expression. It is even more necessary than the toothbrush.

Children often spread h a p p i n e s s merely by being themselves, but unconscious happiness is not enough. It will not stand the blows of daily life, the continual battling with foes. There needs to be a steady, deliberate maintenance of the happy attitude, both in storm and sunshine.

All through the Bible the word "joy" rings like a bell. The value of happiness—"A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note"—comes down to us through ages of literature, yet we do not always realize our responsibility in this matter. We brighten the corner until a draft of wind blows out our candle flame, forgetting that we may choose a light that will burn much longer and more steadily.

What attitude shall we teach the children? What example do we show them? How fortunate if they should catch happiness from their parents, their teachers and friends, breathing in a happy attitude as naturally as they breathe in the fresh air. Even in the matter of going to bed there is a great difference in attitude of different people. It has been said that the pessimist groans, "Oh, how tired I am!" while the optimist exclaims thankfully, "How good this bed feels!"

If we teach the children the necessity of a cheerful disposition, the attitude of expecting good, we are like the one who throws a little pebble into a big pool. Happiness will spread in ripple after ripple, in widening circles of joy, and influence unto unknown, undreamed-of shores. —*Christian Science Monitor.*

Because God is unimaginably good, exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, *nothing is too good to be true.* —*Fosdick*

CHURCHES OF EVER-SILENT SERVICES

"Temples of silence" they are — the churches for the deaf. One of the most attractive is in Philadelphia, which, writes William B. Mellor, Jr., in the Philadelphia *Record*, "boasts one of the most active congregations in the city—yet never a sound has been uttered within its walls since it was built in 1912.

"It has a vicar who conducts regular weekly services without recourse to the spoken word, and the choir which 'sings' in silence. It has all of the activities found in other churches — a dramatic group, a basketball team, church suppers, prayer meetings, discussion groups. But all are conducted in the same weird atmosphere of dead silence."

This church is All Souls. Only those who live in perpetual silence are members of its congregation. Some also are mute. Neither the Vicar, the Rev. Henry J. Pulver, nor the Sexton, Ray Dochney, nor members of the church staff can hear.

"All communication," continues Mr. Mellor, "is carried on by means of the sign-language — sermons, prayers, responses, and even the 'singing' of the choir of six. . . .

"Instead of raising their voices in song, the choristers raise their hands, forming, in unison, the sign-language symbols for the words of the hymns. The rhythmic gestures create the impression of music."

The church, one of three maintained for the deaf by the Protestant Episcopal Church—the others are in Chicago and New York—has 260 regular communicants, but serves a deaf population of about 2,000 in the Philadelphia area.

The original All Souls Church, built on another site in 1888, was the only one of its kind in the country. The present church and parish house were erected in 1912 as a memorial to the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, Founder of All Souls and its first Pastor.

"While it follows traditional ecclesiastical design," says Mr. Mellor, "the church is unique in that the auditorium slopes steeply toward the front like a theatre, so that all members of the congregation have an unobstructed view of the chancel, and thus are able to read easily the gestures of pastor and choir. . . .

"The parish house has a well-equipped gymnasium in the basement and a lecture hall. Its theatre, seating 100, is provided with all the necessary stage properties, including . . . scenery."

The church has frequent meetings at which persons prominent in the civic and business life of the city address the communicants. The minister, reading from a prepared copy of the address, translates it into sign language as the speaker goes along.

"In addition to his duties at All Souls Church," writes Mr. Mellor, "Mr. Pulver conducts services once a month at St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, and Trinity Cathedral, Trenton, as well as at the Torresdale Home for the Deaf. In the latter institution, several of his communicants are blind as well as deaf, but by placing their hands upon his they are able to read his sign-language symbols.

"All Souls," the minister says, "is far more than a church. It is a social agency, helping its communicants with many problems, financial and legal, as well as spiritual. Scores have obtained employment with the aid of the Vicar."

Another notable "temple of silence" is the Episcopal St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes at 511 West 148th Street, New York, whose Rector is the Rev. Guilbert C. Braddock.

Like its sister church in Philadelphia, St. Ann's has an auditorium, with a stage, kitchen, print-shop and club-rooms.

All the church services are conducted in the sign-language, and the members of the congregation participate intently. As they watch the hands of the rector, they can see, too, in the central panel of the reredos, a symbolic painting, almost life-size, representing Christ Healing the Deaf Man. (St. Mark VII, 32-35.)

The "one who was deaf" is shown in a kneeling attitude, with hands clasped as in prayer, and Christ, standing, is shown touching the ear of the kneeling figure.

—*Literary Digest.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MARY JOAN VISITS THE MUSEUM

By Pearl A. Bragdon

"Are we going *very* much farther?" sighed Mary Joan, looking warm and just a wee bit tired.

Big Brother Peter looked at Middle Sister Maude and Middle Sister Maude looked at a red brick building right in front of them. It looked very much like an ordinary old house, where prim people who went out walking with white poodles might live, but the sign out in front said, just as plain as day, "Children's Museum of Boston." "I want to go in there and see what there is," said Middle Sister Maude.

Mary Joan, being just seven years old, forgot she had been wanting to go home, when she saw the door of the big house open right in front of her. Big Brother Peter opened it, and he and Middle Sister Maude walked right in. So Mary Joan walked right in after them. There were some other children in the big room, talking in not-so-very-loud voices and looking at some beautiful pink and white shells, hundreds of them, in a very large glass case. Mary Joan had to stand on tiptoe to see the shells highest up. But all around them were animals and birds, stuffed (said Maude) so that they looked as if they were really alive. They were standing around in their glass cases, behind their glass doors, only some of the big, big birds with long, long legs were standing up on top of the glass cases, with no doors to hold them in at all.

There were so many animals that Mary Joan could not decide which ones to look at next. Just then she felt a little pebble in her shoe. She bent her knees and almost sat on the floor, so as to get the pebble out. Then she did sit down, and there, right in front of her, on the floor, under the big case of hundreds of shells, was the very biggest turtle Mary Joan had ever seen. She gasped, "Oh!" She looked around to tell Big Brother Peter to come and see. But Big Brother Peter and Middle Sister Maude had both gone upstairs. She could hear them talking near the top of the stairs. They were seeing some more things up there.

Grandfather Turtle (that *must* be his name) had big glass eyes that seemed to be looking at you. He had some things that looked like legs but they didn't have any feet on them. What were they, anyway. Mary Joan leaned a bit closer to examine them. She was feeling a little sleepy, but now she didn't want to go home at all. Still, she couldn't quite help nodding her head a little.

Then Grandfather Turtle began to nod *his* head. It was not as movable a head as those Mary Joan had always seen on other turtles. But this was not a sleepy nod. It was a sort of waking-up nod, if you know the difference. "I'm right glad to have someone to talk to," he said in a deep voice. "I suppose you want to ask me questions, don't you? Or perhaps you want to go around and see the other animals. Is this your first trip? Did you come all by yourself?"

When Grandfather stopped asking questions himself, Mary Joan said very fast, so that he wouldn't ask her any more for a minute, "Yes, this is my first trip, and I'd like to see all I can. But please tell me how you walk when you haven't any feet."

"My dear child, I don't need feet, for I have flippers!" said Grandfather, and he began to lift up the things that were where feet ought to be, and flopped out from under the shell case. He was longer than Mary Joan was when she lay out flat on the floor at home to measure herself. Not so very much longer, but a little. "Want to ride?" he asked very suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Oh-h-h!" said Mary Joan. "Yes!" She climbed onto Grandfather's back, and he flopped along with his big flippers. His back was hard and not very comfortable, for it had quite a few sharp lines going from his head to his tail that were higher up than the rest of him. You could feel any of those lines that you happened to be sitting on. His back was

so wide that Mary Joan's feet did not touch the floor, although it was not so very far away.

"I used to live in the ocean," said Grandfather Turtle as they flopped along.

"Oh," said Mary Joan. "Did you swim with those flippers?"

"Yes, indeed," said Grandfather. "How do you get along in school?"

"Why, I get along pretty well, thank you," said Mary Joan, who did not quite see the point of that question just then.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, I read lots of stories by myself now."

"Ever read about *me?*" asked Grandfather.

"I don't *think* so," said Mary Joan, wishing she could say yes.

"Here's a Story Label about me," said Grandfather. Mary Joan now saw that they had traveled completely around the shell case, and were back exactly where they had started. Yes, there was a sign tacked onto the post. It read, "LEATHER-BACKED TURTLE"; then it told where he came from, and quite a bit more about him. Mary Joan could understand most of it when she read it.

Grandfather chuckled proudly. "I have one of the *big* Story Labels," he boasted. "Some of the animals have little ones that don't tell much about them. Well, I'd better be getting back to my place. I don't want to forget where I belong in this museum, you know." And Grandfather backed into his place under the shell case.

There he was, just as before, when Big Brother Peter and Middle Sister Maude came downstairs saying, "Where's Mary Joan? We must get home quickly; it's almost supper-time."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE SAPLING AND THE BEAVER

Young Sapling stood on the brink of a stream, just where the banks curved round in a charming bend, and the reeds and water plants grew so closely together that the ripples eddied and twisted gracefully.

Sapling used to watch the small twigs and pieces of branches float by on the stream, and he longed to go with them. He wanted to be of some real use in the world instead of standing still where even his thin shadow failed to give comfort to a traveler, so out of the way was the spot in which he found himself.

In the hazy distance he could see the dark outlines of a forest that stood on a hill, and he wondered if the twigs that floated down stream came from there, or from the Three-Sister Willows on the opposite bank up stream.

"Please, Mr. Wind, I want to see the world!" cried Sapling to the first breeze that wandered his way.

But the breeze only smiled, and curled himself round young Sapling's feet. "Little trees stay where they are until they are wanted," he said. "Maybe your work is here, and maybe it is somewhere else. You must just wait and see."

Sapling tried to feel content with this, and he straightened himself and lifted his young branches to the sky. And then, late one afternoon, he suddenly became aware of a dark shape moving on the bank, and realized that a beaver was nibbling at the base of his trunk with sharp white teeth.

"What is happening?" he asked, excitedly.

"Just need you!" said Beaver shortly, nibbling more rapidly than ever.

Sapling felt himself swaying. "I do believe I am going somewhere!" he said to himself, all a-tremble with the hope that rose in his heart. And then, all in a minute, he toppled over.

"The time has come!" he thought. "I am going to see the world!"

Beaver seized the little tree and began swimming upstream, trailing the long thin branches after him. On and on, round the bend, traveling with amazing speed for such a small animal, until they reached a mound, which, to Sapling, looked like a pile of interlaced tree trunks.

"What is this?" he asked.

"My house," said the Beaver, "where my family and many other families of

Beavers live. You are needed to replace a piece of front door that the currents have washed away."

Sapling stared hard. The Beavers' house was indeed a pile of saplings and branches, caked together with dry mud and grasses, truly a wonderful building. And all the while, as fast as any part of it became disturbed, the Beavers repaired and strengthened it with great speed and dexterity.

Beaver lifted Sapling and placed him carefully among the other trees, where he stood firm, helping to resist the pull of the currents, and completely satisfied with his new work. And as soon as he was securely fixed Beaver swam off to find more saplings wherewith to fortify his home.

It was a fine sight for Sapling to watch the water parting in a rippling V as the dark heads of the Beavers appeared, swimming toward their home with their building material trailing after them, and he felt very proud of his job. It was fun to watch the Beavers diving each time they went in and out of their front door, which lay hidden below the surface of the water.

He liked his new occupation more than he could say, and when the stream was full after a storm of rain, and the waters came rushing down in a hurry, Sapling would smile to himself as he held fast to his neighbors, feeling that he was doing some very special work in guarding the Beavers' home. —*Clipped.*

Dear Lord, make me beautiful in the inner self,
And that whatever outward things I have
May be in harmony with those within.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
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